

Liege Lord, Dark Tale

Rising higher it grasps the sky overturning it's sense of time
Bound in iron strong hand break free denounced it's capture with raging flee
Its streams of colors blinds all keen eyes
Incandescent power its dark spirit flies
Focus, seize it, flee it, strife
Weak minds they wonder the weak must bow down
Rising from down under it's advanced mind astounds

Flairance enlightens it draws you near
Then sends you broken deep filled with fear
The fear to realize what shall be done
Taking sinners, liars, cheats, for their souls he's come
Conceive, lured, realize, deceived

A dark tale spoken from past told word
One who disconcerns himself towards fate he's lured
Devise a motion beyond what's true
Or the air that will surround you is what no man ever knew
An act of mental warfare to strengthen evil form
Raise the deceased wicked ruler to repeat times moral wrongs
Dark Tale [4x]